Dripping Desperation by SchneeGheist

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Summary:

He's in danger.

He doesn’t care. He just keeps moving.

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1. Dripping Desperation

Author's Note:

> Yeah so this is just my thoughts being thoughts that I have decided to finally write out and also my first fic ever so y'know. Anyways I may continue this later but for now- uh- uhm-
>
> *runs away*

Drip.

Danny wasn't having a great day.

Drip.

Infact, he'd argue it was the worst day he's had this year.

Drip.

Or maybe month. Or maybe-

Drip.

Whatever. Danny didn't care, it's just been sucky.

He'd woken up late for school because of a late-night fight with Johnny, got at least 6 different detentions for several different reasons(that totally weren't his fault!), got into a big battle with Technus and Skulker, which hunters his parents then interrupted -and absolutely ruined that section of the road- and then shot him straight through the chest with one of their new weapons!

Drip.

And said chest was currently oozing cool ectoplasm all over him, and *definitely* staining the concrete that he currently laid against.

So much for intangibility and a quick escape, Danny was still close enough to hear the fighting reverberate throughout the empty structure he was in. Not like he could've gone much farther, they *had* hit him pretty hard.

He heard another fire of an ecto-gun. The blast hitting its target, a hollow metal clang. Probably Skulker.

"Take that, ectoplasmic scum!"

Danny tried not to flinch at that saying; he could never talk to Maddie and Jack his parents as Phantom without them saying that *at least* once. It was basically a slogan at this point.

"I, TECHNUS-"

He definitely flinched from the next sound of an electronic grunt as human flesh and bone smashed against machinery.

“Look Mads! Even its circuitry bleeds! How do you think that is?”

The firing of a net. Light footfalls to sidestep it.

“Im not sure Jack, sweetie, but maybe we should pay more attention to restraining these two specimens, and *then* we can start the hypotheses.”

Another weapon charging up.

“You got it honey!”

Drip.

He strained farther towards the sound before a shot of agony fired up his spine that made him remember *why* he was hiding right now. He definitely wasn't going to die, (Can he die? Again?) but experience told him it would take around an hour before he could decently make any more movements, let alone heal the damn wound.

By the time he could get his breathing steady again, the distinct sound of both ghosts had vanished, and left only the breathing and

beating hearts of the human couple.

“Awh, I really wanted to get the techy one to test on. Shame it’s so fast.”

“Don’t worry Jack, we’ll get it next time. Besides, we still have another ghost to catch!”

That's bad.

“In fact, the sensors are telling me that it’s barely a block from us!”

Really bad.

He could already hear their hungry footsteps clambering closer. He ignored the stabbing pain that flared, well, *everywhere*, as he attempted to stand.

Screw pain, he needed to get out of here *now*.

Drip.

Head spinning from actually being able to stand, he quickly thrusted his extended palm onto the wall, not noticing how a web of cracks split around it. He limped away from the sounds, dragging his arm

along with him, he still needed something to lean on for this.

The pain was nearly unbearable.

He heard more sounds. Closer, he thinks. The slow crawl of each foot turns into a fast staggering of imprints of feet. He nearly trips several times, but keeps going. It’s not like he’s paying attention to how well he's moving, his brains already overworked from the *stinging* and *throbbing* and ***aching*** of just existing right now. No, the only two thoughts going through his head right now are to *move away from the sounds*, and *don't get caught*.

***Drip*.**

Something shifts, afternoon breeze instead of the settled air inside of the building he was in. His arm loses its crutch.

He doesn't care.

Ectoplasm-covered boots touch wet grass, burning the sweet blades. More noises attempt to approach him, concerned? Not dangerous, echoing from afar. He ignores how he knows they’re directed at him.

He doesn’t care. He just keeps moving.

***Drip*.**

The other sounds are gone. The dangerous ones are a little more distant. But he doesn't stop. The pain was slowly decreasing the whole way, and eventually he was cognizant enough to realize that he didn’t know where he was anymore.

That doesn't matter, though. Not right now.

He switches to his spectral tail and flies as fast as he can bear. The beating of wind against hair is a steady motion once he gets a consistent speed going. It’s like the feeling of dragging each foot forward and letting go; a monotonous sensation, one very easy to get lost in.

Danny would very much like to do that.

Drip.

He’d stop keeping track of the noises long before his speed slowed, and all the hollow and wasted energy gave out at once. He collapsed onto steady ground, something hard and smooth. He repositioned onto his side, blinking a couple times.

Where was he?

By the high walls and miscellaneous trash strewn about, the answer was an alleyway, obviously, but he knew that wasn't what he was

asking. He was running from something, right? Hunters probably. Yeah, because he was fighting Technus and then Skulker flew in to join him and then-

He had to run from them.

The Fentons His parents.

Drip .

He paused at the sound. There was no more pain coming from his chest, it was clearly already healed.

(The sky was murky and full of bright stars. How long had he been running for?)

The feeling of wet skin tickled his cheeks.

Oh.

He was crying.

Drip.

He knew why.

*Running from a fight like that? How useless was he? Running from **them**?*

He tucked his legs up to his face, allowing the tears to flow as he laid crying in the desolate alley.

He could barely keep up in school to keep the ghosts at bay, and now he couldn't do that either? Wow.

***Drip** .*

He let the staggered unneeded breaths reach past his lips.

He really was a failure, huh. With nothing to prove otherwise, too, just a lonely, lazy, sad freak.

He brought a shaking hand onto the sleek thermos that was attached to his belt.

*An absolute **fucking** coward right here, folks, Danny Fenton Phantom!*

***Drip** .*

A thought slowly crept up through his mind.

Spectra, Jack, Maddie, Valerie, Vlad. Zone, even the GIW!

The thermos was unclipped and fell into his hand.

With so many people telling him it right to his face, it sure did take him quite a while to realize.

It was uncapped, the open end tilted towards his own small, shaking frame.

Drip.

He's a freaky ghost pretending to be a freaky human who can't do anything right either way.

A white glove pressed the button.

And what do humans do to ghosts?

A human hand grabbed a white cap to seal it as a blue beam did what it always did.

Drip.

Nothing beside the thermos remained.

…

“Jazzy-pants, have you seen Danny recently?”

2. Striking Sisters

Jazz didn't like this feeling.

Just the overwhelming realization that the current situation is *wrong. Really wrong.*

Sometimes Danny goes missing for a few hours when he's recovering from ghost fights. That she knows for sure. And although she does still worry for him in those moments, she knows he'll be okay (as much as a half-dead little brother can be). But this? The last big fight happened three days ago. It's been more than just an hour or two.

And Jazz is starting to get suspicious.

Maddie and Jack are questioning where Danny's went, while ranting about the *"amazing shot!"* that they got at Phantom. Their weapons are covered in dried ectoplasm.

She visits Vlad on a whim, asks him a couple questions as he lounges on a lush velvet armchair. While he has tricked her before, she's already psychoanalyzed him enough to know that he isn't lying when he tells her:

"I'm not possibly sure where Daniel could have gone, no. Perhaps, if he wasn't in the custody of that bumbling oaf, I could've kept track of him. Are you sure he's not just, having a rough day or two, something of that manner?" He pauses to ruffle Maddie the Cat's coat a bit, and she snuggles further into his lap.

Jazz leaves not long after that, she's here for answers, not idle conversation.

(First strike, she thinks sarcastically. She's still got a lot of options left for answers.)

Danny's not at school. More usual than Jazz would like for it to be, but there's no ghost fights for him to be skipping for. Sam and Tuck have no idea and haven't seen him since school the day he went missing.

"I mean, he up and leaves like this all the time, Jazz, I say just wait for him to come back in like, a day," Tucker had said, barely even looking up from his PDA.

"I'm with Tuck on this one, Jazz. Are you sure you're not just being a bit overprotective over this?" Sam had added, wrapping her arm around Tucker while actually bothering to look at Jazz.

(Second strike, she thinks regrettably as the blob ghosts flee from her. No major or sentient ghost has bothered to exit the portal or cause any damage; she may be debating actually going into the Ghost Zone to find her brother.)

Jazz stands over the staircase of the lab. She just needs to test this, rest her mind. Maybe Tucker's right! Maybe Danny just needs some time to do *whatever,* but she just can't let go of this feeling. Rushing down, she now regrets distracting her parents with a fake ghost call; they left the lab in complete and utter disarray in their scramble for potential prey.

Skirting between fallen furniture and sparking contraptions, she quickly finds the exact item she planned this entire scheme for. The Booo-merangs a little dusty and worn, but very clearly still operational.

(She shivers as she hears the constant buzz of the portal behind her, it's nauseating green light spilling over into the lab. If it weren't for Danny, she would have left this godforsaken place as soon as she had became a legal adult.)

Gripping onto the mock boomerang, Jazz braces as she arcs to throw it.

She lets go.

And it goes absolutely nowhere.

It just falls onto the floor with a depressing clatter, deep green flashes reflecting off of the surrounding labware.

She exhales.

Three strikes, and Jazz is officially out of options. More specifically, out of excuses to believe that Danny isn't missing outright. The Booo-merang pierces through dimensions and realities, and yet it still can't find Danny.

(The portal waits for her. It sits there, taunting her with it’s infinite possibilities and existences.)

Danny said the air and environment was safe for humans, it was the populace who were the main hazard. Would she really go through literal hell to find out where her brother went?

She shakes her head fondly, grabbing a couple (functional) weapons as she walks towards the Zones gaping maw.

Yes, yes she would.

...

"Hey 'Clain! That Dipshisks sister is 'ere, and she wants sumthin'!"

3. Strumming Searchers

Ember wasn't sure what to make of this.

Dipstick does his disappearing act for a while, and all of a sudden his sister's going through the Zone telling 'em he's missing?

Ancients, Embers intrigued too. She meets up with and listens to Phantom's sister (who is apparently named Jazz? Sick name honestly,) and how she's gone through basically every other method of finding her brother.

Which also means she's convinced a ghost took him.

"So, I'll ask again, where is Danny?" Jazz said, staring straight at Ember. She simply strums her guitar.

"I don't know what to tell you, he's not here. Recently I was at a check-in with the other guys after him and they don't got nothin' for kidnapping him either."

Jazz groans in response.

"Hey, how 'bout this. I ain't got no gigs for awhile, and kinda wanna know where he's gone too. I'll see if I can get some of the other guys in on this, and we can do a party search for 'im."

Her eyes light up immediately, but she's still a bit cautious. "If you could take me to them, I could explain the situation quicker."

The sound of a tape recorder pops, and Skulker emerges from *somewhere* .

"I've actually been attempting to hunt down the whelp's location for a while now, I was there when he was last seen," he gesticulates the freshly made tape, "Won't need to explain it to everyone again if all the details are right here."

Jazz's eyes widened. "Wait, you guys *actually* want to help me?"

Ember pats her on the shoulder. "'Course dude, he may be a bit of a wimp sometimes," the glare returns, "But we still care for him, just... In different ways."

Skulker nods along, adding: "if I were to finally put his hide on my wall, I'd hope for it to be of the highest quality, and highest care beforehand as well."

Ember cringes and turns to Jazz, who's equally grossed out. "Still technically caring," is all Ember says.

...

The roles were decided long before they actually started searching;

Skulker would outline the areas Danny most likely would be in, if his last appearances trajectory was still accurate.

Technus would find each camera from the area, and scrap it for any signs of Phantom or Fenton.

Wulf, although there was a bit of a language barrier, seemed to prowl throughout, sniffing for any signs of his Friend.

Ember's guitar isn't just for music, strumming some lower frequency ecto-location tunes could get through pretty big chunks of open air, catch anything in particular.

In exchange for some cardboard boxes, Box Ghost agreed to haunt around as an extra set of eyes.

Another ghost none of them seemed to be able to recognize, one covered in tattoos and veiled in a dark red cloak, seemed to also join in, despite not staying a single word.

Jazz vehemently said to not tell any humans about this, for whatever reason, and has gone to simply running around with a ghost sensor and some other knick-knacks she *definitely* stole from her parents.

Despite what seemed to be a fool proof plan, nothing except a small

trail of ectoplasm just outside of Amity's been found. They started around noon, and it's been dead silence under a now charcoal sky. Everyone's still holding out a bit of hope, but Jazz was clearly sounding exhausted over their shared walkie talkies (oh-so lovingly provided by Technus).

That girl really needs to take a break , Ember thinks while strumming past another alley. She pauses on it though.

She strums again.

And there it was, a small, yet noticeable response emanating from inside of the alleyway.

She floats deeper in, dropping her invisibility after checking for humans.

And laying on the rubbled pavement, is a thermos.

A thermos that's blinking text says there's only one occupant inside.

She grabs it. Calls for the others to meet up.

Holy shit, she hopes she's wrong.

...

"It's so cold..."

4. Cold. Cold.

It's cold.

But not at the same time? Feeling without a nervous system to process them is weird.

I mean, he's not even *supposed* to exist right now.

There was existence at some point, though. He remembers that.

But it's so cold.

.

Having a body feels like a memory.

What are memories?

Where's his body?

Why is

It

So cold

..

.

Someone told him something once. Was it true? He thought it was true. It

was warm then

but now

it

s

just

...

..

.

let me out let me out let me out let me out let me out let me out let me out let me out let me out let

I

Want

out

I *Want*

warmth

I

Want

..

Y'know, he could get used to this.

Just... floating. Zone, it's not even floating! Just, dark, he guesses.

It used to be different though.

Who put him in here again?

.

.

.

.

He used to like the cold. When he was alive fully human, he liked building snowmen.

Would forget to wear gloves, stacked and rolled ice and snow until he couldn't feel his hands.

His parents They didn't see how bad it was, how human flesh isn't supposed to be that color.

But *someone* did. Red hair tied back into a ponytail, small little blue beanie draped on a child's head.

What *was* her name?

What

was

.

so cold so cold so cold so. cold too cold cold freezing let me out let me out let me out let me out LET ME OUT

..

And even when he-

Um.

(cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold-)

Became a Halfa. Yeah. And with Frostbite's knowledge too! When he found out about cold cores and all that, it made so much more sense!

Apparently, most other ghosts struggle to survive within the freezing temperatures of space, his core typing just let him bypass that.

Cool fact, he guesses.

Ha.

Cool.

(Will he ever see the stars again?)

...

cold cold freezing cold cold freezing cold cold freezing

freezing cold cold freezing cold cold freezing cold cold

freezing cold cold freezing cold cold freezing cold cold freezing cold cold freezing cold cold freezing cold cold freezing cold cold freezing cold cold freezing cold cold freezing freezing cold cold freezing cold cold freezing cold cold freezing cold cold freezing cold cold freezing cold cold cold cold freezing cold cold freezing cold cold freezing cold cold freezing cold cold freezing cold cold freezing cold cold freezing cold cold freezing cold cold freezing

Light? An opening.

Blue.

And then color and light and senses and flesh and he is out and *he is out, he is warm* and then there's too much and he closes something and color and light is gone and

then

cold

again

Solid. Floor. That's a word. Appendages? For feeling. Texture. More sounds. Feeling is now touching his body his.

ears? Too much

too much

and Then

Warmth. Not him. A body, covering him. It's making noise that is bad and good and quiet and loud but it is Warm and he is

Loved?

(The cold is still there.)

Waiting.

He. He needs to get

Away and-

(Is there an away? With so many things happening you'd think he'd be having those questions answered, but it's still kinda murky. Everything's still kinda murky.)

The noises are holding *back* what he *feels* what he *is* and he can't have that he needs away he needs to leave he

(Where does he go?)

Colors refocusing. Steel and metallic and white and green and black.

It's the place. The place he was in and it was *so cold* but he needs to go back-

-everything is still too much and too much movement and-

-It's gone. The place is gone and all it is, plush and fuzzy and carpet and how does he know what it feels like?

(Because you're on it, dumbass. Ever heard of gravity?)

Oh. Color is gone. So is light. When did it come back?

He feels tired. He wants to go to sleep. The noises are closer and they're going to hurt him but he doesn't care.

He closes his eyes and embraces the dark oncemore.

(It's warm this time. He likes it that way.)

...

"Danny? Danny!"

5. Warm. Warm.

Notes for the Chapter:

Alternative perspective of the last chapter :)

The set was simple. A discarded and desolate apartment with a somewhat bearable environment, the best thing they could find nearby. If he's really been in there for so long, Ember had explained;

"Then he isn't going to react kindly to being *out* of it."

They had basically demanded Jazz that she at least take a more back-liner approach, that she was way too exhausted to actually help with this. She instead retorted with the fact that she's the only one he truly trusts here, and got back into position.

And no one's gonna try and stop a Fenton.

They circled around the thermos, ready for quite literally *anything*. Box Ghost was the chosen victim, the one to open it. He shuffled around with the lid for a moment, before it peaked open, a slight *pop*.

Despite the delayed reaction from Boxy, he dropped it as soon as the sound registered, and the blue light seemed to seep out of the now full opening; lid rolled the rest of the way off.

The beam subsided, a silhouette drifted in from it. Starting out weak and hazy, solidifying. The shape was certainly Danny, but he

seemed... *off kilter* somewhat.

Unfocused eyes, stilted positioning. He was in his human form, of all things, and seemed surprised.

Admittedly, the overlapping of calling him by their perceived nicknames for him was probably not the first thing they should've done, collectively no less.

They then (collectively) *shut up*, and waited to see his reaction.

Danny's mouth is open, yet nothing comes out.

His eyes close.

Tries to take a step, falters. Before he can hit the ground, Ember grabs his arm to hold him upright.

Bad idea.

Suddenly Danny *can* make noise, and it is high pitched and horrific and painful screeching, gains all his apparent strength back to just wretch Ember off of him, and she is slung into nearby drywall. It fractures a bit, and *now* everyone can move again.

Technus tries to latch onto Danny's leg, and is slapped by a spectral tail, landing right where Ember had just gotten up from. She was already going for Danny's midsection.

Skulker aims for his tail. Legs are now where tail once was and he jumps to dodge Skulker while thwacking Ember backwards; she's saved by a collection of small green creatures that hold her upright. A box flies right past Danny's head, and he catches it midair. Boxy can barely make a single move before the cardboard structure *socks* him straight in the face, twisting him back in the air.

Danny might have the advantage in pure strength, but it's clear that he's still disconnected, still confused, distant. Wulf grabs him into a headlock, gently squeezing in on the retaliating Halfa in his arms. The screeching is ever present, but Danny's trying to cover his ears now more than kick Wulf.

"Wait!" Jazz had backed away from the fighting, but she's still here. "Let him go, he probably doesn't realize what he's doing to himself." (“To us,” is left unsaid.)

Wulf eyes her approaching frame, before slowly loosening his grip.

Danny is out in an instant, and falls forward, straight into Jazz's arms. A sharp intake of breath emits from both of them, as Danny seems to melt into the touch, with now open eyes still looking into the middle distance.

He's stopped screeching, it's the little steps, Jazz thinks.

She tries to maneuver herself to actually look at him, while still hugging him *(depraving basic touch and warmth to those who crave it can assist in them quickly relapsing, her mind adds unhelpfully)*.

Before she can actually see his full face, the ghosts around her recover and seem to already be bracing for another attack.

Danny's breathing is picking up again.

By the time she's able to reposition, she realizes why. His eyes are still a bit off, dulled blue, but they are now moving. And they are staring ahead, towards the thermos behind her.

The thermos he just came out of.

Danny is no longer in her arms, he is phasing through her, staggering into some sort of gait.

Towards the thermos.

As soon as he's tangible again -not even halfway to the open container- every single other ghost is upon him, practically dog piling Danny underneath. Despite stopping him in his tracks, he's still standing and fighting back; not what they needed right now.

Past the squirming pile of limbs, tails, fire and acclimations of pain, the mute ghost from before stands against the adjacent wall. The

cloak has been discarded, and the green creatures slide onto skin, merging and fusing back into one being.

A singular form remains, a round and puffy thing that slinks towards the discarded thermos and wraps its tail around it. Slowly, it floats past the fighting mess, simply depositing the thermos (and cap) into Jazz's hands. Her dropped jaw nearly reaches where her hands lay, and wide eyes assess the fighting.

At this point, it is clear Danny has the advantage against them. In a sudden motion, the group is thrown onto the ground altogether, having barely any time to process before a cavernous inhale is heard, and he *wails*.

They are pressed further into the ground and further still as he keeps going, piercing them deep with pure, unfiltered wailing. The nearby windows have already been cracked, and now they shatter.

His eyes are clear, and they drift from the pain on the floor to up at Jazz, who is now stepping back, away from the sound.

He looks at the thermos.

Pauses. His eyes slowly droop.

Joints and tendons smooth, a marionette stripped of its strings; he collapses onto the floor, completely stopping the wail as he face-plants directly into now ectoplasm-covered carpet.

His breathing thins, body stops twitching.

If Jazz could see his eyes, lift his face up against the tense moment of *nothing*, she'd bargain they're closed.

...

"If all it took to get him to stop absolutely beating our asses was nighty-night-time, I would've brought a frying pan."

6. Epilogue

Consciousness comes in waves.

First, the feeling of lungs expanding, the flexing and movement of a diaphragm.

Second, sensations of warm and fuzzy fabric, draped and layered on an outer shell, a body.

Third, appendages leading to muscles and to nerves then to fingertips and then to motion.

As it wiggles and adjusts, the rest of the body comes suit, and leads to hearing. Distant ticking and a nearby heartbeat, quiet exhales that are not from this body.

A scramble for an anchor, something to use as a crutch for elevation. Weak and worn muscles provide minimum mileage for this, and the arm soon lays limp, still somewhat entangled by an item now remembered to be a blanket.

What else can bodies do? Right, eyes. A slow peeling of an eyelid leads to a blinding light enveloping, which quickly closes from pain. The other arm, its lower part, angles up from the bridge of a nose, adding extra coverage.

Unwillingly, a low groan emits from the voice box, and it reverberates within bones. This gets the other breathing to hitch, a ruffle of clothes and hair, before a voices crawls into the air, groggy and slow:

"Danny?"

That was a name. He didn't know whose though. Probably someone important, someone relevant. Another involuntarily grunt gets the voice's attention.

"Oh, Danny!"

There are other moving parts, cogs in a weirdly warm machine, grabbing and reaching to lift his body into a raised position, both arms loose at his sides.

"Shoot, Are the lights too bright? One second..."

The voice is familiar. Thinking about it, all of these feelings are really familiar. Memories still seem slippery, a never ending waterfall of static that refuses to give him anything actual. A click is heard, and the heartbeat returns in full from its short departure.

"Danny?"

That's three times now. What could be so important to be said that

many times in such a short span? It just doesn't make sense.

The gears come back, solid and long and interlocking with his -he realizes that they're fingers far too late- and he responds in kind, at least as much as he could with this aching and tired body.

"Danny, you should be able to see better now."

If this mysterious thing in question could actually use sight, then he could, right? He tries again, gripping harder against the hands for stability, opening his eyes once more. There are many things he notices.

1. A person, red locks intertwining with blue eyes, concerned and waiting. Her name is Jazz.

1. He is present, in a body, recognizable.

1. He is Danny. *He is Danny. He **is-***

"Woah, hey, hey. Breathe with me, ok?"

Why is he back?

"Breathe in for two..."

Who let him out?

"And exhale for one. Did you get that?"

He was supposed to stay there forever.

"Match my breathing."

He was supposed to *rot*.

"Danny, breathe with me."

He doesn't need to breathe. So why?-

"Danny."

She stares at him intently. He stares back.

"Are you okay?"

A small squeak bounces out of his lungs. She grips his hands tighter,

but cautiously. He looks down.

"Can you talk? Oh, I'll get you some water, one second." She dashes out of the room, gripping the doorframe to sharply turn down the outside corridor.

He looks around the room. Model rocket ships and glow-in-the-dark stars, it's his own.

Red eyes flash nearby. He braces, before it fades in to show Lydia. Why were they here? Lydia looks at him, procures a small paper from her cloak, places it onto the bed, and promptly disappears.

His arms feel like lead but the note is legible from where he sat, already opened.

I.O.U has been paid. Hope you recover soon.

-L

Paid? Whenever did Lydia owe him something? Probably with Freakshow.

Jazz returns shortly after that, completely disregarding the small paper beside him. She holds a small glass of water.

Using what little strength he has left, he grabs it from her and

practically chugs the whole thing. Jazz catches it before it can fall out of his hands, which now drop.

"Thanks," he croaks out, and *holy shit* he sounds wrecked.

"You're welcome. I'll ask again. Are you okay?" Jazz asks, protective sister mode back on.

"Yeah."

"Really? Do you remember anything that happened?"

"I remember... being souped?"

"By who?"

"..."

A fiery inhale, "You can tell me anything, you do know that right?"

"Sure, can I have a little time before being psychoanalyzed to death? Feel like shit right now."

"Language." She mutters under her breath. Smiles as she continues, "But sure. You need anything? Or..."

"I'm good, just gonna be in a coma for awhile." He chuckles, a dry one.

"Not funny." Her face straightens, before going to leave the room. "And we will be talking about this later, got it little brother?"

He smiles in turn.

"Got it."

Fin.